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## Preface

OUR first step must be to correct an erroneous impression which has been established in the public mind about the way in which Epistaxis is compiled. The current rumour seems to be that, on the day set for Daffydill performance, the editors are locked in a small room with eight quarts of Scotch. A messenger boy stands outside the door, and, as the party progresses, he collects the copy as it appears, sheet by sheet, under the door. The boy carries the manuscript to the press, where it is bound. Then he rushes it to Convocation Hall, to be distributed amongst the eager hordes of expectant readers.

We must spear this attractive rumour once and for all. The process is indeed far different! For months, the unscrupulous editors watch their prospective victims, then, when the opportune moment arrives (we find the last lap of a banquet an awfully good time) the staff bear down upon the wretches and secure a promise of "copy."

And now we propose to expose, in all their shame, the names of some of those unfortunates who broke down under our persistent barrage, and who have connived with us to make Epistaxis what you see it to-night.

There is this article by Stephen Leacock. During the twenty-odd years which we have spent in this vale of tears and misery, we almost had come to believe that generosity and cheerfulness and the habit of telling the newsboy to keep the change had disappeared from the race. It was with great trepidation that we despatched a letter to Montreal, requesting a free article for this so-called humorous journal. It seemed unlikely that one who had become

rich and famous and gets his stuff published in the Star Weekly would hearken to our humble plea. But he did! And he's a fine fellow. We should have known that one who could write so feelingly about beer would be a noble soul.

Champus Cat is well known in the columns of the "Varsity" and we are pleased to have him lend his notoriety to Epistaxis.

The Children's Page is the product of two very cunning and ingenious minds, T. H. Belt and O. A. Kilpatrick of Fifth Year.

There is one individual whose genius is represented very extensively throughout this issue; and it is only right that he should be hanged with the rest of us. We refer to Mr. R. M. Mitchell, who is responsible for most of the sketches, including the cover.

In our opinion, the rime, "To Our Cadaver" is the best verse in the mag. It was written by two second year men right at the scene of the festivity: it is real.

This is the first year that the Co-Meds. have hazarded their reputation by participating in Epistaxis. Miss Hall is to be congratulated on supervising the initial venture.

The staff are guilty of the rest: their names have been delivered up to the public elsewhere. The Business Manager especially should incur the censure of all upright citizens: without him there would have been no Epistaxis.

We advise all those who are known to have taken any part in this publication to leave very unobtrusively, early in the evening.

THE EDITORS.



# Dedication

The sixteenth issue of Epistaxis is fondly dedicated to **THIS—**

PLEASE REMIT EXACT AMOUNT OF ORDER:—

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MEDICAL PRACTITIONER "PATIENT"

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*Medical Blog.* FEBRUARY 10-11, 1926  
PHYSICIAN'S ADDRESS DATE

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BY

PRICE

Required for *M. & Medical Student* *Hardly Any*  
PATIENT'S NAME OCCUPATION

*Convocation Hall* *University of Toronto*  
STREET ADDRESS OR LOT CITY, TOWN, VILLAGE OR CONCESSION

*Quantity Required* for medical purposes only, for the patient named.  
QUANTITY AND KIND OF LIQUOR REQUIRED

I certify that the amount of Liquor hereby prescribed is the minimum quantity necessary for the patient for whom it is ordered.

Note—Not more than one quart of wine or spirits can be prescribed at one time, Sec. 51 (A2), nor more than 12 bottles of Ale, Beer or Porter of not more than three half pints each, or the equivalent, at one time. Sec. 51 (A1).

The O.T.A. 1925, makes a further amendment now in force, enacting that "No duly qualified medical practitioner shall issue in any one month more than thirty prescriptions for Liquors other than the prescriptions addressed to a Druggist mentioned in Sub-section 1."

*J. Barleycorn*  
DOCTOR'S SIGNATURE

Presented by

No Requisition will be filled unless properly made out

and to those which have gone before, and to those which are yet to come.

Scrip! You came, you have stayed awhile, soon you must go, go into the limbo of Forgotten Things. But go happy in knowing that you have not existed in vain, for

As symbolic of Prohibition, you have provided amusement. You know, there is always something mildly amusing about prohibition. Perhaps it is the ineffectiveness which appeals to one's sense of humour—man is always mightily amused to see the mishaps of others—nothing is so funny as one of our fellow-men (preferably a very dear friend) falling into a half-filled sewer—and if he is wearing a new suit or his flying heel catches an innocent bystander under the chin—so much the better—that makes it funnier.

As symbolic of \$2.00, you have saved many a microcope from an ignoble transfer from shiny office desk to the dingy depths of the pawn shop, and paid too, many a first hard winter's coal bill, when in the morning no patients come and in the afternoon the rush drops off.

As symbolic of Ozs. XL, you, with your magic, have made many a rocky road less rough: You have served us well. Never complaining, you have risen to every occasion, birth, marriage or death; banquet, dance or show. You have been ever ready to offer solace when we were sad, or to help us celebrate when happy.

And now, dear Scrip. we, with your death knell ever ringing in our ears, dedicate to you, this the sixteenth issue of Epistaxis—may you rest in peace!



EPISTAXIS

Founded for no Good Reason.

Appears every February by the grace of God and the help of Daffydil Committee. Published under the auspices of the Medical Society of the University of Toronto.

Editor-in-Chief .....K. G. Gray

Women's Editor ... Miss M. Hall

Associate Editor ...F. S. Leeder

Business Manager ... D. S. Hoare

YEAR CORRESPONDENTS

W. C. M. Scott, J. A. Fallon, B. R. Brown,  
D. R. Easton, R. J. Carveth.

ART DEPARTMENT

R. M. Mitchell and S. V. Railton

I wish I had the wasted years  
I gave to toil and duty,  
That I might spend them in pursuit  
Of Folly and of Beauty.  
I was so wise when I was young,  
So careful and so prudent,  
I was a very virtuous youth,  
A staid and solemn student.  
I would I had to spend again  
The nights I spent in thinking;  
How I would give the razz to thought  
And concentrate on drinking.  
My wasted life! My wasted life!  
It makes me melancholy  
To think of all the sober years  
I might have spent in folly.

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# On Debates at College

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT has been suggested to me by the editor—or rather, I suggested to him—that there might be room in these pages for an article from me on college debating. It is a subject in which my interest was first enlisted forty-one years ago, when I took part in a school debate to decide the question whether Louis Riel should be executed. My colleague and I argued that he ought to be. We won the debate and Riel was duly hanged. This initial success has impressed me with the immense influence that can be exercised by college debates if properly organized.

But it is my opinion that the great majority of college debates, as conducted on this continent, start from an entirely wrong point of view. A debate ought to mean a training in the art of speaking in public. There are plenty of other exercises in college which supply a training in collecting and memorising facts, plenty of other things which involve profound study in the bowels of the library. The whole point of debating at college lies in teaching the students to speak in public. This is an art exactly on a par with swimming. It lies within the compass of every one up to a certain degree. Everybody can swim if he learns, and nobody can swim without learning. Everybody can speak, more or less readily (probably less), if he has had practice. And nobody can speak without it.

It is sometimes thought that to some people speaking is a natural endowment. But this is only true in a limited way. I am reminded here of the case of a young Scotch boy whom I had in my employ at Orillia. He fell off my launch into the lake, and after he had been fished

out someone asked him if he could swim. He answered that he could *not*, but that he had “learned the motions of swimming” in a Scotch country school and was “intending to put them into practice.” The application is obvious.

On the other hand, whenever a college debate is organized, especially an inter-collegiate debate of importance, it is taken for granted that what is mainly needed is a vast apparatus of *facts*. Some huge subject is selected, as broad as the continent and as comprehensive as the census. “Resolved,” it runs, “that the state ownership of railways has proved a success.”—“Resolved that the operation of direct legislation in the State of Oregon does not justify its extension into Saskatchewan.”—“Resolved that the operation of light, heat, and power companies under franchises is inferior to direct municipal control.” These subjects selected, the two college champions descend into the bowels of the library. They must lose no time. The great debate is only three months off. They disappear from sight. Their absence from classes is excused in a hushed whisper. They are *preparing for a debate*. As beside their activities a brooding hen and a maternity hospital are not in it for expectancy.

From time to time word comes up to the outer world of their progress in preparation. It is rumoured that they have unearthed some fine material on the Prussian railways. It is said Professor Stodge has found for them the entire corporation reports of the city for seventeen years. It is known that they have written away to the Secretary of State of each of the nine provinces and the forty-eight



states, and that the college postman staggers under the "material" that comes in.

The great day arrives. The "champions" are hauled up from the library. Their myopic eyes blink in the light. They look a little pale. But what of that—they are "prepared," they are stuffed full to the hatches with a cargo of information. Carry them gently to the debating room or we may spill some of it. The great moment comes. The debaters stand up in their black gowns and their little white ties, with each in front of him enough water for a poker party and enough books for a budget speech in Parliament. And then—twenty minutes! Twenty little minutes! And two minutes more for rebuttal! Twenty minutes to argue out the intricate economics of a continent, and two minutes to "rebut" all North America. Twenty minutes to exhaust a subject where twenty years is all too few. And the victory goes to whichever side has more completely swallowed the census and makes a longer array of citations of statistics.

Note further that the preparation itself, imposing though it looks is a mere nothing. What can these two champions know after all, on a huge subject with only three months of preparation? They have merely touched the surface of it. Their knowledge would not enable them to write an intelligent page about it. They have merely wasted their winter and hurt their health. They ought to be taken somewhere and given a glass of beer and a sausage.

The proper method should be the exact reverse. The subject should be, if possible, one in which the student takes a real interest, something that has come into his life and about which he really wants to talk. Who cares about the State railways—except Sir Henry Thornton. Leave them to him.

I admit that the most attractive subjects would represent forbidden ground, such as: "Resolved that the lectures in this University are on the whole not a help to the human mind." But at least the point is clear that the subjects should be of real, ordinary, everyday interest to the student—not to some one else altogether.

Now there are admirable subjects lying all around us without worrying over the State railways—subjects which are so wide and so important that they defy the exhaustive preparation of Professor Stodge and his two champions. For example: "*Resolved that the influence of motion pictures is bad.*" But our American students have become so badly damaged by the "preparation" idea that the moment this subject is propounded to them, they at once rush to a professor and say, "Where can I get a book on that?" Or perhaps a little later they announce with joy, "I'm all right. I've found an article on it." For this attitude of mind there is no fit comment but the exclamation "Help."

The real preparation for that debate or for any other properly planned debate is to *think* about it, to get keen about it, to turn it over in one's mind. Any facts that are *wanted* will then appear and can be looked for. The debater will begin to think, "I wonder how much money is spent upon moving pictures?" When he has *thought* that, he is in a position to go and hunt it up. But not before. And any student who can't *think* ought not to be a *champion*: he should study to be a professor.

I have said enough. I must not over labour the point. A subject of interest, defying exhaustive statistical treatment, relatively short notice, *thought* rather than collection of material, the attempt to *speak* what is in one's mind, not the repetition of what

(Continued on page 27)



## Rottengravure Section

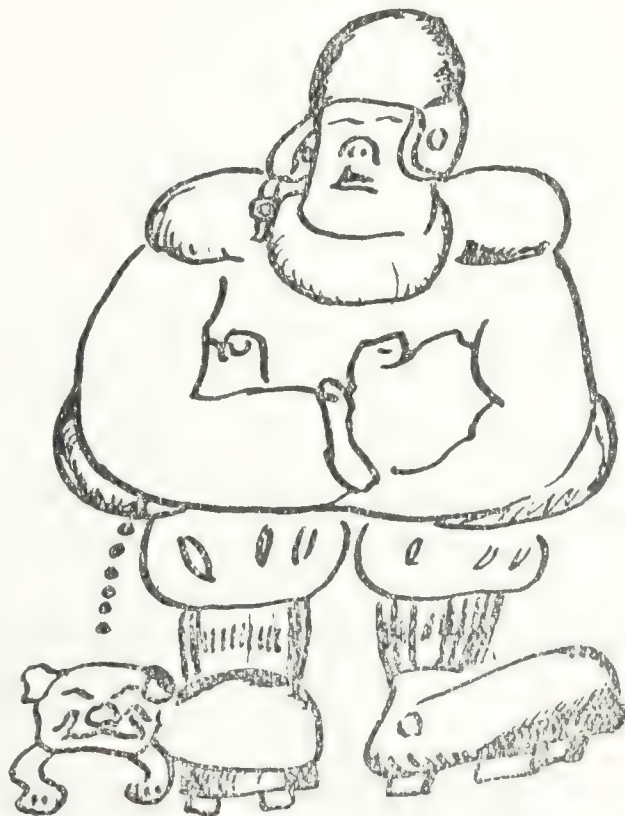
GORDON HALL (*Hiker*) RUTHERFORD  
President of the Medical Society



Born in Algiers, this boy Abdul Hikerd el Ahmed Rutherfordken came to Canada under a dark cloud. He went overseas as "valet de chambre" to Marshal Haig's horse and returned with two army blankets and a perforated tympanic membrane. His heroism restored the faith of his countrymen in him and he was advised to take the job as President of the Medical Society to train him for that of Potentate, Lord High Healer of All Ills, and Chief King Benjamin of the Royal Court. Advocates throwing the 2T7 class reunion in Algiers in 1950. Says the slogan will be "Bring on them dancing goils" in contrast to that of this recent presidential campaign which was, "More protection for the co-ed."

### DOC. MARRITT

No. This is *not* Mr. Toronto, but a man of even more outstanding fame, the president of the Medical Athletic Society—"Doc" Marritt, by name. We feel sure he would have won the men's bathing beauty contest, if he had entered. Oh girls! He is so athletic! Mr. Marritt says he owes all his beauty to rugby cleats and early morning rising. He has been persuaded to let "us boys" in on some of his beautiful art studies. There are hundreds of wonderful little undraped photographs of himself at the modest sum of 25 cents per hundred-weight. For fuller particulars call at the office.



(Continued on page 30)



## Letters to The Editor

Dear Editor:

I receive a great many invitations to go hither and thither, being what is popularly known as a social asset. Last night I received an invitation from a 6th year Med. to go on a party, but I'm so busy getting my torso ready that I can't accept. Dear Editor, what shall I do?

Big Bertha.

Dear Bertha:

Your problem is very difficult, but possibly a bust out would do you good.

— — —

Dear Editor:

Would you mind outlining for us your idea of Heaven?

A Curious Christian Scientist.

Dear Scientist:

We keenly appreciate your interest in our journal. Our conception of Heaven is Methuselah's age, Samson's strength and Solomon's wives.

Dear Editor:

I went riding with a strange young man last night. Did I do wrong?

Anxious Annie.

Dear Annie:

I shouldn't be surprised.

— — —

To the Editor of Epistaxis:

Could you tell us why Dr. Hendry is such a good lecturer?

Curious 6th Year.

Answer: It might be his good delivery.

— — —

Dear Epistaxis:

I am worried by a perplexing agricultural problem which you might be able to elucidate. Why is cream so dear?

O.A.C.

Dear O.A.C.:

Always glad to hear from the Cow College. Most authorities are agreed that the high price of cream is explained by the great difficulty experienced by the cow in sitting on the small bottles.

## STOP THE PRESS!

We have received eighteen proposals of marriage from Scotland for Mrs. Russell Scott, after publication of her recent experiment in fasting.

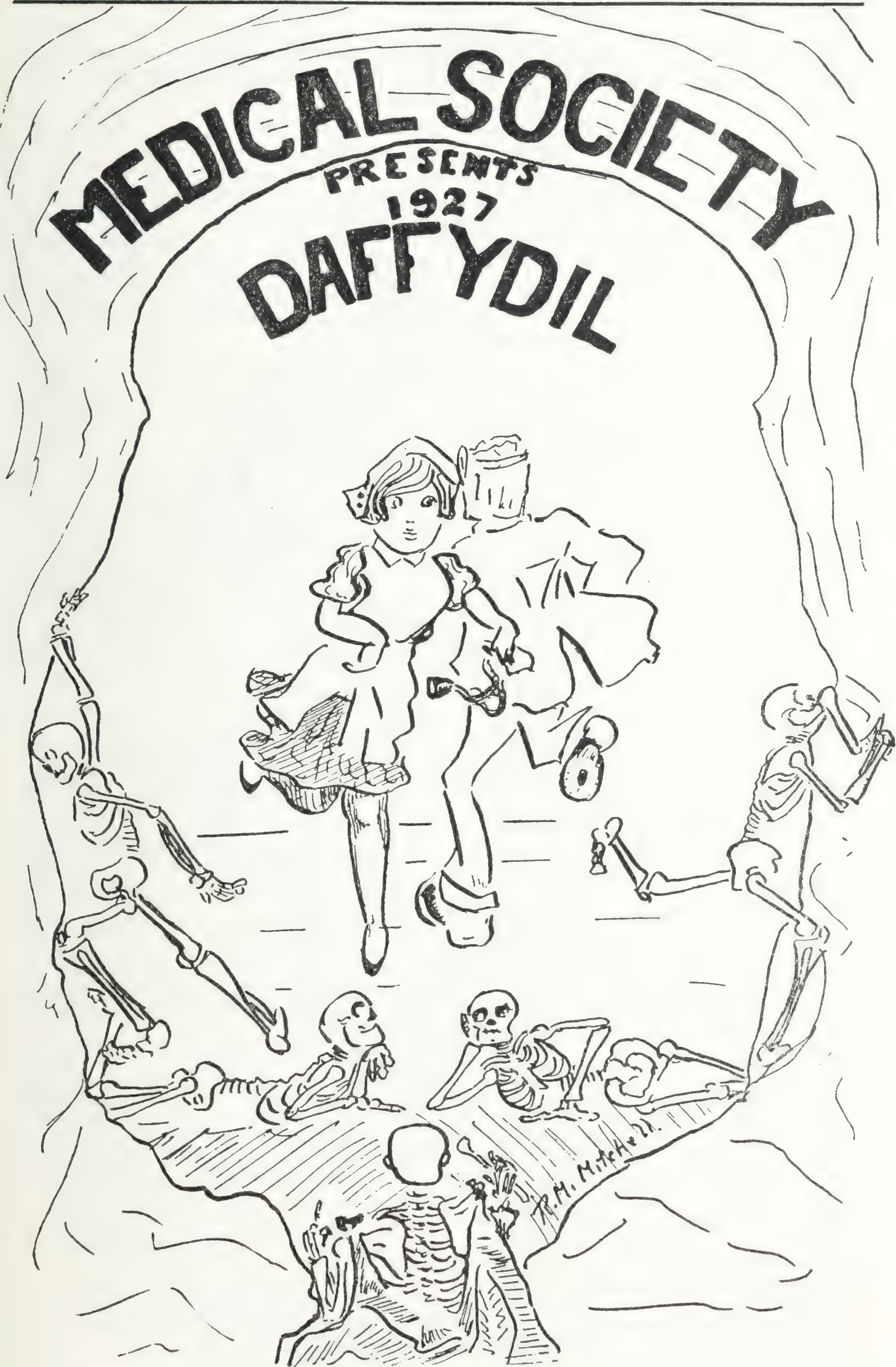
\* \* \* \* \*

Our representative at Rome cables us that Mussolini has again been shot. The Italian Consul states, however, that it was only a report.

## CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

The Epistaxis Committee announce a Beer Drinking Contest, for which a very valuable prize is being offered. For details see Page 15.







The Daffydil Committee on Behalf of the Medical Society of the University of Toronto presents "DAFFYDIL NIGHT"

Founded 1895.

THE DAFFYDIL COMMITTEE OF 1927.

CHAIRMAN—T. H. Belt.

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The Committee were assisted by the following:  
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A

The Daffydil Orchestra.

Under the Direction of Clifford T. Young.

Violins—Dr. W. L. Deeton	Cornet—R. A. Benson
A. R. W. Uren	Trombone—O. A. Kilpatrick
F. N. Blackwell	Banjo—W. J. B. Maxwell
Cello—E. O. Withrow.	Drums—J. H. Stewart
Saxaphone—J. W. McCutcheon	Piano—C. T. Young.
J. F. McCullough	

B

The Medettes Present "Iodine."

(A Tale of Irish Luck)

SCENE—The Village Green of Bally Blarney.

TIME—May 1st, 1927.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Mickey, the Village Lout .....	Marion Laird.
Molly O'Grady, a Widow .....	Evelyn Gee.
Iodine O'Grady .....	Rachel Haight.
A Sergeant of the Free State Police.....	Marguerite Brown.
Patrick Dooley .....	Gwen Mulock.
Barney, a Ragged Village Urchin .....	Miriam Waldman.
The Village Fiddler .....	Mary Grant.
Colleens.....	M. Cairo, B. Wilensky, A. Knox, M. Bate
Gossoons .....	M. Batt, C. Fraser, G. Mahon, K. Baldwin
	Pianist—Margaret Paterson.

C

The Graduating Year Presents "Reel Stuff."

The scene is laid in Clotsville, West Coast of Africa. Transport yourself on the magic carpet of your imagination to this land of palms and sand. The T.G.H. Film Company is taking the tropical scenes of its million dollar picture, "The Gray Mare," adapted from the well-known novel, "Do Horses Neck?"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Miss Steppe .....	W. R. Aberhart.
Dr. Duncan Graham.....	T. H. VanNostrand.
Dr. Oille .....	J. E. Matheson.
Dr. Magner .....	S. T. Teskey.
Dr. Tisdale .....	E. B. Patterson.
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Dr. Rudolf .....	L. A. Clarke.
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Westy .....	J. R. Westheimer.
Director .....	A. A. Overholt.
Cameraman .....	A. L. Morgan.
Ajhab Kha .....	M. D. Epstein.

MANAGER—J. E. Matheson. MUSIC AND CONTINUITY—A. L. Morgan.

PROPERTIES—J. B. Laidlaw.



D

2T8 Presents "The Students' Dream of Avarice."

Which defies Freudian interpretation.

Dreamed and portrayed by Patrick and Henry.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Night-Watchman

Deputy Inspector of Customs

The Stude Himself

Inspector of Customs

George, the Chief Rum-Runner

George's Gang

G. C. Large—Soloist.

D. S. Hoare.

O. A. Kilpatrick.

T. H. Belt.

H. E. Rykert.

W. M. Masters.

M. M. R. Hall, A. J. Fisher, E. A. Moore, R. H. Meredith.

C. A. Brownson, B.A.—Pianist.

VAC-SCENE—Bonded Customs Warehouse, Montreal, late in the night, time of the Great Scandal.

E

2T9 Presents "Monkey Business."

Written and Directed by J. A. Fallon.

Herein the long mooted question of man's descent is settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. Poetry is descriptive.

Little brains of sawdust, little brains of sand,  
Make an evolution trial echo through the land.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Hiram, the Judge—Slings a mean sentence.....

William Sinnings Bran—Anti-evolutionist .....

Clarence Sparrow—Chicago's Most Criminal Lawyer.....

Zeke—Only a Coloured Court Crier.....

Charles Darwin—Returned from the Spirit World.....

Stopes, John Thomas—Merely the Defendant .....

Eve—The original, borrowed from Simpson's Fashion Revue.

The Monkey—Cage No. 12, Ringling Circus .....

N.B.—George Young will positively *not* appear in person.

Scene is in courtroom of Daytime, Tennessee during the Stopes Trial.

G. L. Duff.

M. D. Epstein.

A. A. Overholt.

G. E. D. Wilson.

J. R. McGillivray.

P. W. Hardie.

V. Railton.

A. J. Reinhorn.

Master of Properties—T. I. Moffatt.  
Technical Adviser—R. E. Nicholson.

F

3T0 Presents "Romeo and Juliet."

Written by E. Long and J. Dufton.

Directed by J. L. Blaisdell

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Romeo .....

Three Friends of Romeo .....

Juliet .....

Nurse .....

Chiropractor .....

Sergeant-Major .....

Soldiers .....

M. Scott.

E. Long.

W. G. Young.

J. R. Rogers.

I. Smylie.

B. Brown.

G. H. Hutton.

H. Doney.

E. Long.

G. M. Lemin.

H. H. McGarry.

J. H. Forrester.

G

3T1 Presents "Fun and Foolishness."

Written by I. R. F. Wilson and Jas. M. Spence.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Notso-Hotski, the Great Russian Mind Reader .....

His Assistant .....

Anatomy Boys .....

The Grad. of '97 .....

J. W. Livingstone.

F. N. Blackwell.

J. B. Maxwell.

F. N. Blackwell.

J. R. Perras.

C. D. Preston.

J. W. Livingstone.

SCENE—I wonder where it could be?  
STAGE MANAGER—C. D. Preston.



**H**

3T2 Presents "Two Jerks in the Wrong Joint."

In which two Gentlemen of Wits are forced by Fate through the Osteopathic back door into the Curative Art.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Hemmingway Roid—A purveyor of gold bricks.....	Mike Thomson.
P. D. Atricks—His "come-on" man .....	Jimmy Sinclair.
Dr. M. A. Saugem—An affluent vertibrae vibrator.....	G. W. Peacock.
Hallie Tosis—a damsel with a subluxation .....	Ross Malton.
Scrofula—An Ethiopian Janitor .....	Baden Moffat.
Otto B. Shotte—a cookie with a kink.....	Jim Roberts.
Willie Live—A hot-house flower from Chestnut St. ....	Jack Arthur.
Manager—F. G. Christie.	Director—A. W. Neal.

Assisted by J. Johnson.

**I**

To Announce "Albunk."

The Patent Painless Poisoner Provided Purposely for Progressive People's Pampered Pets.

Sought for by the alchemists for centuries.

Professor Howzat, representative of the associated societies for the promulgation of anti-vivisection, has requested of the Committee that they allow him to introduce at this assemblage his most recent discovery, "ALBUNK." This discovery has increased anti-vivisection in all the Royal households of Europe, both on this and the other two sides of the Atlantic, and we are sure that the Committee has made no mistake in allowing the Professor to present his views before you.

Use "Albunk!" Once a Bogey, now a Bum-Bum!  
Four out of three in the better walks of life use it.

Representative .....	} Professor Howzat.
Treasurer and Publicity Agent .....	
Secretary .....	
Vice-President .....	
President .....	
Sole Discoverer, Inventor and Distiller .....	
Immediate Past President of ZENYMA CO., INC. ....	

Professor Howzat—A. A. Overholt, M.B., Ch., P.D.Q., L.O.A.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

*The University of Toronto*

*Medical Society*

G. H. RUTHERFORD,	O. A. KILPATRICK,
President.	Vice-President
J. A. FALLON,	J. R. LIND,
Sec.-Treas.	Asst. Sec.-Treas.





## PARADISE

Germs, swathed in rich and red corpuscles,

Banqueting on veins and muscles,  
Predict in sweet atomic dreams  
A Paradise whose Body gleams.  
They dine on Scraps of Matter here,  
But where is the eternal Bier,  
Where all their rythmic gambols are  
Untreated, unicellular?

Loud in their germy, gaudy marts  
Confiding electronic hearts  
Murmur while faith and trust are poured  
Upon th' Unfailing Germic Word:  
"Germs cannot die, such youthful flocks  
in

Millions beneath dark Antitoxin,  
Millions now living ne'er shall die  
Breathing a microphonic sigh,  
They shall not know ends cataleptic  
Beneath the blighting Antiseptic."—  
For lo! there liveth—Worm of Worm  
The Vast Ubiquitous Life-Germ  
Who gnawed and flourished in an age  
Ere doctors pulsed, ere prying sage  
Upon their mystic kingdoms broke  
With eyes of old Leeuwenhoek.  
Omnipotent and multicelled  
Yet One, though many-tentacled,  
HE guards from Vigour, evil Vulture,  
The smallest and least harmful culture;  
HE gives the strong an hardy track  
To Triumph in the Cardiac;  
Of HIM each wan and fading speck  
Dreams on mid convalescence-wreck,  
And in weird dialect each prattles  
Of future far one-sided battles.

For Somewhere, claims the harried horde,  
Is Paradise that doth afford  
Deliciousness and long delight  
Feasts Saturnalian all the night.  
Where, rich in pasty green eruption  
Aglow with tasty, dark corruption  
And mottled, livid, and gangrenous  
One body for the speck-hyenas  
Awaits in unconsumed decay,  
A gladsome, fulsome, lasting prey.  
There health is not, while Ill is good  
And in a gay infectious flood  
Germs gnaw where Strength may not  
endure,

And all infrequent is the Cure.  
Lo! in that far Beyond, say Germs,  
Are epidemics, scourges, worms  
Of all undying race and power  
Where Illness holds Eternal hour,  
While pale contagion's effervescence  
Attains at last its true Putrescence;  
There all is Ill, yet all is well  
And endless anthems surge and swell—  
"There," reads the Germic Word, "lean  
Death  
Produces life's triumphant breath."

N. A. B.



*From Graduate to Undergraduate*

## CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

*For further details about the BEER DRINKING CONTEST,  
see Page 24*



# CHILDREN

By UNCLE HENRY

## The A-B-C of Fifth Year Pediatrics

**A** is for Alan, master mind,  
The pediatrician sweet and kind,  
Whose surname Brown doth ill befit  
A man of such exceeding wit.

**B** is for Baby, Alan's meat,  
He knows just what the kid should eat,  
He understands its grunts and groans,  
Discerns the secrets in its bones.

**C** is for Castor; it's the oil,  
Time-honoured cure prescribed by Hoyle,  
Which banished all our childish pains;  
Now only used for aeroplanes.

**D** is for Diet, figure it out;  
The child weighs thirteen pounds about.  
It certainly would be very hard  
But for Alan's feeding card.

**E** is for Erb, the final court;  
Refractory cases here report.  
Though modern treatments are superb  
We still require Dr. Erb.

**F** is for Foolish; cruel word,  
So many things appear absurd  
To pediatricians strong and sane,  
Especially the student's brain.

**G** is for Grandma, Alan's foe,  
What's best for kids she ought to know.  
You can't tell her; she raised her brood  
On Allenbury's Patent Food.

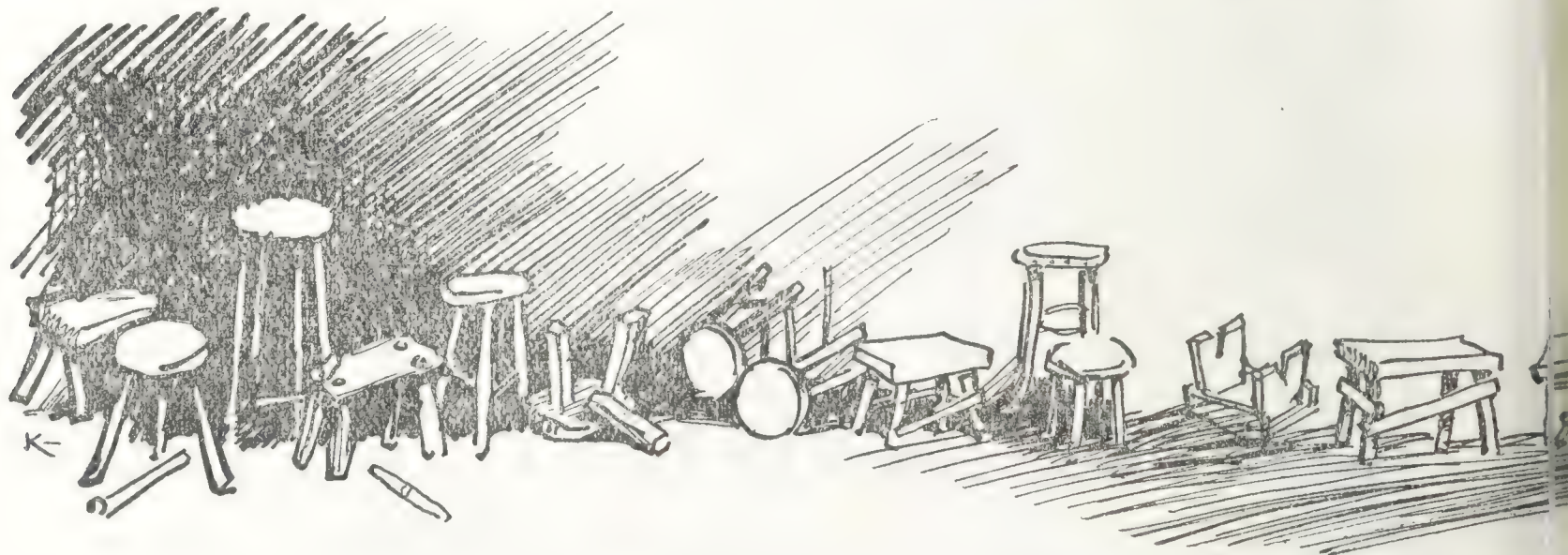
**H** is for Heredity,  
Be careful whom you wed, says he,  
Be sure and search her family tree  
For blemish or infirmity.

**I** is for Infant, small and frail  
The subject of this little tale,  
But p'raps we'd better stop just here  
And carry on another year.

## Bed-time Story About the Old School

By UNCLE HENRY

My dear little boys and girls they was once a very old maid a long, long time ago who lived all alone by herself and kept boarders for a livelihood. Now these here boarders was medical students, hence they was very docile lads upon whom the



HISTORY OF



# EN'S PAGE

## FATHER PATRICK

old maid could lay restraint and impose conditions without fear of insurrection or revolt, and who could only be roused to any show of emotion by the mention of Indian lists or local option which the old maid was very careful to avoid, being herself a Christian Scientist who enjoyed poor health. With old age creeping on she found it harder and harder to make both ends meet, thus the boarders' fare became frugal and their rooms was often cold because the furnace was a normal furnace and would not respond to autosuggestion, but she urged the boarders to be content and keep quiet.

"We will" said the boarders for they was afraid of the old maid because she walked in her sleep with a regular frequency and was very eccentric and they knew not at what hour she might come. Anyways the boarders didn't much care about rousing the old girl since they knew she was like to be took off in a tantrum and more than that they was scientists of the first water who let their hair grow baggy at the knees and their trousers long over their ears because they was students of the OLD SCHOOL, you see, and that was the custom in them days, viz, to sacrifice all in the pursuit of knowledge irregardless of privation. Well things went on like that for a while until finally the gramophone was invented and the old maid came to autopsy which caused considerable speculation amongst the boarders who soon finished their four year course and graduated from the OLD SCHOOL with honors and afterwards nearly won the Nobel Prize for synthetising cat gut only some one invented X-ray which discovery took precedence over theirs.

Well my dear little boys and girls many, many years after that these boarders grew old and helpless and their sons and daughters came to study medicine in the NEW SCHOOL where rugby, Charleston and B.O.T.A. (comparatively new sciences) were given prominent place on the curriculum, and where the students lived much too comfortably in extravagant fraternity houses and residences and where they have to stay six years to learn what their Old Man mastered in four years easy. They don't have none of the rare old times the boarders used to have back in the Old School, they never see no cases of typhoid nor aneurysm and they don't work like education was a good thing. They never have to live no more with interesting old characters like the old maid who'd learn them Human Nature. This here radio and automobyles has upset the old code and co-education is one of the greatest immortalities I see, but what I started out to say was that the times has changed, my dear little boys and girls, and that they're still changin' which indicates that by the time youse grow up things will probably be all to hell completely.

(Children's Page continued on page 26)







THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD!

## Some Aphorisms That Hippocrates Couldn't Publish

No matter where my heart may be, my lungs aren't far behind.

\* \* \* \* \*

God gives us relatives but we can choose our friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every little movement has a meaning all its own.

\* \* \* \* \*

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is nothing dirty in medicine, but some things have an unpleasant odour.

\* \* \* \* \*

By their fruits ye shall know them (from Pediatrician's Bible).

\* \* \* \* \*

Do unto others before they do you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hell hath no fury like a woman spurned.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you can't keep clean keep sterile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every man is either a fool or a physician.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is no bad liquor: some liquor is just better than other liquor.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are no untellable stories: some are just told better than others.

\* \* \* \* \*

He who laughs last is trying to figure out the other meaning.



*21 Bloor St. West*  
*One block west of Yonge*

*Phone Kingsdale 2622*

*Piccadilly Tea Rooms Ltd.*

Our location and accommodations are splendidly adapted for  
University class parties, banquets and dances

HOSTS TO 2T9 CLASS PARTY, 1927

A Dermoid Drama

A woman there was and she bear a son,  
To witness if I lie,  
He'd coal black hair, an insolent stare,  
And the blood lust in his eye.

The woman sighed and shortly died  
In diabetic coma.  
A P.M. revealed what lay concealed—  
A Cystic Teratoma.

Some cells were there, some strands of  
hair,  
An assorted set of bones,  
And a thing in a cyst that should never be  
missed,  
A layer of rods and cones.

A rag and a bone and a hank of hair,  
An eye (it seemed a male eye),  
Some chunks of glue, a tooth or two,  
And a Sustentaculum Tali.

A maid there was, surpassing fair,  
Of lowliest extraction;  
She'd eyes of blue and curly hair,  
And an error of refraction.

Now the villain sought to wed the lass,  
"Come, be my wife," he hissed.  
She replied, "Sir Hugh, I'm not for you,  
For I love that Dermoid Cyst.

"I love the bits of bric-a-brac  
That really are your brother;  
I love them so I'd never go  
And join me to another.

"Such an eye is there, such auburn hair,  
Such a graceful set of bones,  
There's a bit of spleen, and I never have  
seen  
Such heavenly rods and cones."

Sir Hugh then ground his teeth and  
frowned,  
"You little fool," he hissed  
"How the World will laugh and the World  
will chaff  
Should you mate with a Dermoid Cyst."

"I care not what the World may say,  
Nor what the World may do,  
But I'd give my hand to a Septic Gland  
Before I'd marry you.

"Your wedded wife I'll never be,  
My pedigree stands in the way,  
I, a persistent R. O. P.  
You, a paltry B. B. A."

Sir Hugh then entered Parliament,  
And added to the list  
A bill which said no one may wed  
A deceased wife's Dermoid Cyst.

The years roll on and she, poor lass,  
Grows more and more pathetic,  
And seeks to hide Time's awful tide  
With artifice cosmetic.

Her lover's hair about her own  
She mingled to console her,  
And in her plate did incorporate  
Her cystic Love's premolar.

So they went to meet their fate,  
Two young lives sadly blighted,  
And though in life they were separate  
In death they were united.

Now the little odds and ends were sent  
To the Institute of Lister;  
And what had been thought was a mascu-  
line Cyst  
Proved a cystic little sister!  
X. S.B.H.J., Jan., 1923.



# The Homewrecker's Page

*Edited by SCARLATINA RABIES*

## EX-ASPERATION.

Ere we set foot within the lab.  
For Physiology,  
"Don't seek results," Doc. Taylor said,  
" 'Tis technique we would see."  
"Don't call upon the demies much,  
Just use your own young head."  
And when we saw the stuff we use,  
"We'll tell the world!" we said.

The drums were made about the time,  
That Isaac Newton wise,  
Was learning the fantastic shapes  
The stars cut through the skies.  
They were not absolutely round,  
As hitherto was thought,  
And to commemorate the find,  
They made the dizzy lot.

The signal magnets are supposed,  
To kick, the demies say,  
When an electric stimulus  
Comes trotting up their way.  
The lucky pair with one that does  
Guard it with might and main  
The others take the Doc's advice  
And use their heads again.

The "simple set of rubber tubes"  
That shows your circulation,  
Will demonstrate you broken hearts,  
Also regurgitation.  
The interrupting armatures,  
Refuse to interrupt  
And the rest of the collection  
Is equally corrupt.

If we should bring the Powers-that-be  
Petition or request  
They'd tell us this was good enough  
For Banting and for Best.  
We do not wish to contradict,  
The fact we're freely granting.  
We'd have them recollect that we  
Are neither Best nor Banting.

## HOW TO RETAIN A LOVELY COMPLEXION.

*By PERCY CHAREMANGE  
(The Famous Actor)*

" . . . . and, every morning and every night, I rub on my face some 'Breath of Eden' Vanishing Cream. The results are surprising—all wrinkles and freckles disappear as if by magic, and the skin looks fresh and clear—like roses and milk, as a real *man's* skin should look."

## POPULAR DEBUTANTE.



Miss Gwen Mulock, for whom a coming-out party will begin in Convocation Hall on June 10th.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING ON THE CAMPUS.

CENSORED.

## BACTERIA SALAD.

One cup chopped beets (a la Dr. Glover).

One pound cooked meat mash (a la Dr. Holman).

Half pound agar agar.

One gr. water.

One tb. B. Tetanus culture (old).

Pour into moulds. May be colored green with B. Pyocyaneus or red with B. Prodigiosus. An old B. tuberculosis culture may be used as a garnish. Serve with any sauce, such as Methyl Violet, Saffronine or Methylene Blue.



# Book Reviews

Who is the best surgeon in Toronto and why I am?—*By F. N. G. Starr.*  
\* \* \* \* \*

20,000 Legs Under the Sea, or A Rover's Delight.—*By Knight Out.*  
\* \* \* \* \*

A Race With Death, or 8,000 words Per Minute.—*By Bill Magner.*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Gentlemen Prefer Blinds.—*By Oskar Klotz.*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Report of Industrial Fatigue Research Board.

This work was quoted as follows in a recent Hygiene lecture: "Weight carried over the hip is a most uneconomical method." Our recent experience at the Med at Home lead the editors to believe that this book should be warmly recommended to the students of the Faculty of Medicine.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Drink—the Curse of the Laboring Class.  
Why Should the Laboring Class Be Paid.  
We have sent these works to Prof. Hendry for review.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Advice to Expectorant Mothers—*A. M. N. Orea.*  
A new conception of an old subject with an invaluable chapter on antinatal care.



---

## Nothing over \$3.50

---

Wear our clothes or wear nothing.  
Ladies don't get pinched  
Our material is all yard and a wool wide  
Terms one dollar down and one dollar when we get you  
Walk upstairs and save \$3.49  
48th Floor Royal Bank Bldg.  
\$3.50 and this ad. or \$3.50 will buy you any suit.

---

**MOTH EATON**  
Yonge Street Blockade

---



## CABLEGRAM SERVICE

Dr J. Watt,  
Anatomy Department, Toronto.

Spain, Any Old Time.

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned Spanish ladies, wish to voice a protest against a certain rhyme which is recited annually by the second year students in your department. In this rhyme we are credited with a peculiar and embarrassing difficulty. This statement is a gross falsehood and should be suppressed, even though it means that the boys will have to find some other method of learning the bones of the wrist.

Hopefully yours, SPANISH LADIES.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Editors have received a similar message from the King of Greece, protesting against the desecration of the sacred name of Olympus in that classic poem which commences, "On old Olympus towering top."

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst we admit a certain justice in the claims of both the Spanish Ladies and the King of Greece, the destruction of these time-honoured lyrics would be an irreparable blow to the advancement of Canadian literature and an unspeakable hardship to those of the profession in whose memories they have become hallowed through years of fond association.



Daffydil Committee Liquidating Their Assets.



# A Valedictory

To 2T7 from 2T8

As sophomores you bull-dosed us,  
Anointed us with tar;  
You stripped us bare and sheared our  
hair,  
Insulted us, by garr!

You made us wear those fool straw hats  
And ties of blood red hue.  
The jeers and slights, the jibes and  
frights  
We suffered, thanks to you.

We had to throw a royal feast,  
The best that we could find,  
Replete with tone, before you'd own  
That we were humankind.

But that was quite a while ago.  
Long since we called your bluff,  
On lesser lights usurped your rights  
And pulled the same old stuff.

For five long years we've followed you  
Through lectures, smells and crams,  
Through labs galore that taxed us sore,  
Through quizzes and exams.

We watched you go ahead each term,  
Standing the strain full well.  
It was from you we took our cue,  
And loafed, or worked like hell.

When Veillyen threatened our career,  
Oskar or Gloomy Gus,  
We thought if you had gotten through  
There was a chance for us.

You showed us how to fool the staff  
And how with profs to dicker,  
What best to learn and what to spurn,  
And how to hold our liquor.

You took us in all young and green,  
Christened our empty heads,  
You taught us tricks and gave us 'nix,'  
And made us into Meds.

This year you flee with your degree  
And quit Dean Primrose' fold;  
This year you put your sheep-skins on,  
To fill your jeans with gold.

So we thought we'd write this poem  
And of your valour tell,  
So men may know before you go  
That you have served us well.

(Advt.)

(Advt.)

(Advt.)

(Advt.)

(Advt.)

(Advt.)



## THE PHYSICIAN THINKS, BUT——THE CHIROPRACTOR ACTS

To Medical Students, why spend six years in Medicine, you really know nothing when you graduate; chiropractic will give you more in our six weeks' course by radio or by mail if your radio is on the blink. You pay \$1,200 for your course; we offer the same for \$12. Think it over.



# Story Telling Hour



We were warned by a former editor that one smile per reader was a good average for Epistaxis. Perhaps this page will assist the average upwards, for they are all stories that have circulated along the back row of many a lecture room or relieved the solemnity of the occasional clinic. Read on and remember that everyone enjoys seeing a broad smile.

In order to satisfy the requirements of each and every type of reader, we are publishing one travelling salesman story. A request to the staff for their favorite chronicle of this nature brought forth a prolific response. Indeed we spent an entire evening burning the resultant thirty-three stories. One never knows what the children may pick up. Eight of them turned in that one "Mary, come right in and bring your cow." Here is one that escaped the flames.

An insurance salesman paused in the hotel rotunda beside a gentleman, the length of whose whiskers established him high up in the Semitic order. The campaign began:

"How do you stand for life insurance?"

"Five thousand."

"Do you carry any fire insurance?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

"How about some flood insurance?"

The Hebrew looked interested. He leaned over cautiously and whispered, "Say, how the hell do you start a flood?"

We remember, or partly remember, going to a wedding. It was a good wedding: we were injured six times trying to beat Fred Leeder to the cocktail shaker. But one incident puzzled us. Mr. X, who was

one of the excuses for holding the wedding, leaned over and slapped his newly acquired, in fact, he struck her quite brutally. Mrs. X. went through all the motions of being surprised, saying "What's that for?"

"For nothing," answered the fond one. "Just remember, for nothing."

A pretty young nurse who was on night duty at the Burnside went to a play with one of the internes, so the rumour goes. After the play, they dallied over coffee until ten minutes after midnight.

"Heavens! 'I've got to go on duty in ten minutes!' exclaimed the nurse, rising and running to the street, where she signalled a taxi.

"Burnside Hospital, quick!" she said to the driver, her hand on the door handle.

The driver's hand shot out and closed the door, gently but firmly, as he objected:

"Not in my taxi, lady."

Several of the Frosh went on a party one night. Three or four of them were feeling pretty merry.

Clinician, "Well, my man, have you any scars?"

Patient, "No doctor, I smoke a pipe."

**OYEZ! OYEZ!**

Co-med falls down and rocks herself to sleep trying to get up.

## CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

For final details about the Beer Drinking Contest see Page 29.



## STORY TELLING HOUR—Continued

Fifth year were holding a meeting the other day. The president announced that fourth year had suggested a joint class party.

Came a voice from the rear: "What joint?"

When Sherlock Holmes went up to Heaven, he was met at the top of the golden stairs by St. Peter who asked his identity and demanded the presentation of his year card.

He said, "I'm Sherlock Holmes, the great detective."

St. Peter doubted him and admitted him only on trial. He was told to walk about and pick out Adam to satisfy the doorkeeper of his identity. After searching for some time, Holmes stopped before a white haired old man and said, "That is he."

"Truly marvellous!" exclaimed St. Peter. "How did you do it?"

Holmes replied, "He is the only man I could find who lacked an umbilicus."

"Thanks for the buggy ride," said the precocious child to its mother.

Dr. W. A. Scott, in Gynecology, "In Sim's position, the intestines fall out of the speculum."

The other day we heard of the world's most untactful burglar. He was in the act of robbing a T.B. sanitarium. When he had everyone covered, he said: "Now gentlemen, cough up!"

And what's this story we hear about O. A. Kilpatrick, the notorious Vice-President of the Med. Society? Personally, we don't believe it, but what has that to do with the story?

It seems that O.A.K. was out driving with Mrs. O.A.K. one night and they stopped for a short time on a somewhat narrow and little used country lane. Being Scotch, Kil. put out the lights to save the battery. Suddenly their conversation was interrupted by the advent of a cop, saying, "Here! here! Now now! Tut! tut! this sort of thing is not allowed. You can't park here, etc."

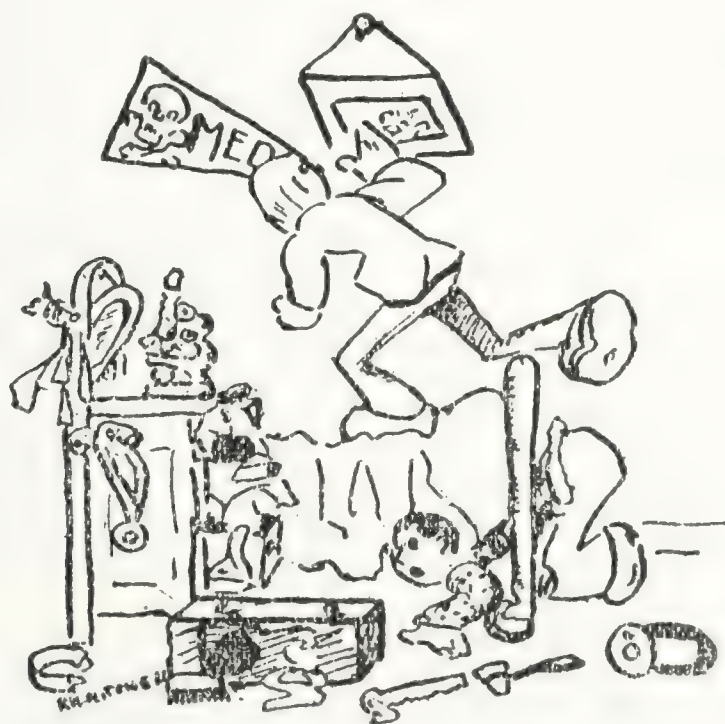
"But, officer," protested Kilpatrick, "We're married."

"Worse and more of it," said the cop. "You should be home with your husband and wife."

### P. GOLDSMITH SPONSORS NECKING!

Leastwise  
So I surmise  
From his remark  
Which was:

"Gentlemen, massaging the neck is never to be neglected in any case of laryngitis."



*His Spirits Were Moved!*



## To Our Cadaver

Our lonely cadaver here he lies  
All covered with grease and surrounded  
by guys,  
His head thrown back, his mouth open  
wide,  
And his knees propping up a dissection  
guide.

We have opened his thorax and punctured  
his lung  
Taken out his appendix and his colon  
unstrung.  
We've dissected his kidney, his liver and  
spleen  
And the whole of his visceral contents  
we've seen.

But ah! no, my cadaver, no tears do we  
shed  
As we carefully dissect you, from your  
feet to your head.

You're as dead as a door nail, you're  
stark, stiff and cold  
Your arms and your legs are all covered  
with mould.

You're an unfeeling, dried up lifeless  
thing,  
Your tendons break as if they were string,  
Your arteries are stiff and your veins lie  
flat  
As we pull out pieces of this and of that

We've mauled you and hauled you and  
handled you rough,  
We've taken you apart and mulled over  
your stuff.  
But listen to me and get this quite clear.  
It's all in the interest of Science, Old  
Dear.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

(Continued from page 17)

### An Essay on Cheese

By FATHER PATRICK

Cheese was originally made by the Neanderthal Men. We are proud to say that we have several of the original cheeses in this University. It was first manufactured by running ethylmethytrioxydichlorine through cement shavings from a lofty height and precipitating it by the action of goodnatured alcohol on iron filings; then it was gathered up by the Cro-Mangnon men, after it had been pressed by the Ice Age, and put up in those "jolly little packages."

The pages of history hold many references to cheese. It is said that David flung, not a pebble, but petrified cheese at the great Goliath. The toxic effect of the concoction was at once made manifest for Goliath immediately assumed the prone position, roared three times, and said "Uncle." The most recent use of cheese as an epithet occurred during "the battle of a century." Dempsey referred to M. Carpentier in terms of curds and whey and so enraged the French

Gladiator that he smashed his jaw against Mr. Dempsey's fist and forthwith left the arena, feet first. By the way, this nursery rhyme concerning a certain Miss Muffett and her curds and whey was entirely disproved by a man named Spider.

The greatest war picture ever produced is potent with the aroma of cheese. In the earlier scenes it appears that Germany imported large gallons of Limberger from Switzerland and Holland and having taken the tops off the boxes drove back the Swedes and the Indians, and if the Mexicans hadn't crossed the Pacific and gone through Asia Minor to Pectoralis Major and thence to Thessalonica by way of the islands of Langerhans and attacked the Germans in the line of scrimmage, we would still be profiteering back home.

Now that you have the facts you can use your own judgment, if any. For my part, I prefer the cream of the cream entirely surrounded by beer and noodles.



## The Interne's Revenge

'Twas Christmas night at the General,  
And the ten good internes were there.  
The Cook, he divided the pudding;  
And gave each interne his share.

Then up spoke one young interne,  
His face as bold as brass:  
"You can take your Christmas pudding  
And keep it."

---

### ON DEBATES AT COLLEGE.

(Continued from page 8)

came out of some one else's—these are the things that make a real debate.

May I add a last word of something like apology. I have to admit that since that debate at Upper Canada College when the Hon. Hal M'Giverin and I hanged Louis Riel, I have never debated again. I am resting on my laurels. For, after all, that school debate was a model. The subject was announced in the morning, we "prepared" it over our midday school dinner, the debate was held in the afternoon, and Riel was hanged almost immediately.

Is there no one on whom we could debate at Varsity in the same way?

There once was a family named Slightem,  
Who were afraid that the disease germs  
would bite 'em,

They ate an apple a day  
To keep the doctor away,  
But the doc came and brought twins just  
to spite em.

### I OWE IT ALL TO YOU.

Writes Mrs. Takemal of Dismal Centre:  
I, too, was thin and run down. I had nervous spells. My hair kept falling out. I lost sleep. My shoes were too tight. My garters kept slipping. Frequently I couldn't find my umbrella. People would step on my heels and my rubbers would come off. Then a friend suggested, "Why don't you eat ovoids?" I had never thought of that. Now I can shave with broken bottles and rub my face with gunpowder.

SEND US YOUR MONEY TOO!

Ovoid Manufacturing Co.,

Pres. U. P. Bryne.

---

### TYPICAL FOURTH YEAR CLINIC.

Dr. Fletcher, "What is the character of this murmur?"

Student, "Rough and blowing."

Dr. Fletcher, "Quite right. And what is the propagation?"

Student 2, "To the axilla, sir."

Dr. F., "Yes, yes. And what is the time?"

Duff Wilson, "Ten to twelve."

(Curtain)



Stude 1, "Why do old maids wear cotton gloves?"

Stude More So, "Because they have no kids."

Fortune-teller (In a mysterious tone)  
"You will be a noted woman if you live long enough."

Excited Co-Med, "What shall I be noted for?"

F.T., "For your old age."

A negro revival was in progress. Great was the excitement, and loud were the exhortations of the evangelist.

"Glory be," yelled a buxom brown-sugar jane in the rear of the church. "Las' night Ah was in de ahms of de debil, an' to-night Ah's in de ahms ob de Lawd."

"Sistuh," whispered a male voice nearby, "am yoh-all got a date foh termorrer night?"



*At Your Service.*

#### OVERHEARD IN HART HOUSE BARBER SHOP.

Small boy watching barber singeing customer's hair, "Look, he's huntin' 'em with a light."

## Yo-ho-ho! Pulv. Ipecac. Co.!

(Dover's Powder)

Oh, Dover was a pirate and he sailed the Spanish Main.  
A hacking cough convulsed him; he had agonising pain.  
So he mixed himself a powder, which he liked it more and more.  
Ipecac. and opium and  $K_2SO_4$ .

Oh, dram by dram was Dover's way (and wash it down with rum!)  
He grew so balmy that the crew rose up and swore, "You scum,  
You've doped and soaked until you've gone completely off your rocker:  
So now you'll walk the blinking plank to Davy Jones's locker!"

Oh, Dover was a pirate and they made him walk the plank.  
He walked along for half a yard, then toppled off and sank.  
Down dropped Dover; not a trace of him remains:  
But the dose of Dover's powder, it is five to fifteen grains.

With a Yo ho ho! Pulv. ipecac. co.!  
And a Yo heave ho for Dover!

Gemini. S.B.H.J., July 1922.



## Announcement

### About Epistaxis Beer Contest

The staff of Epistaxis for some time past have been considering the possibility of staging a Beer Drinking Contest which would put anything into the shade seen around these parts since the Paleolithic times. To that end, we had cornered the script. market and rented a large warehouse on Front Street in which was stored the aforementioned Beer. The first prize was to be one case of Old Parr. It was generally agreed that second and third prizes would be unnecessary . . . . But our plans leaked out, and the location of the Beer and the prize became known to Daffydil Committee. You will understand that on the following day it would be necessary to cancel the contest. It was, and we did.

## BEER

*Occurence*— $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$  is never found in the free state, being always combined with  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ . It is never found in a "dry" State. It occurs in combined form, chiefly in breweries, hotels, barrels, etc.

*Properties*— $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$  is a reddish-brown liquid at ordinary temperatures, having a not unpleasant taste.

One part  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$  absorbs 100 parts  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  (as a rule).

It is very soluble in MAN.

There are two main classes of  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$ :—

(a) Bottled. (b) Draught.

Also found in over a hundred isomeric forms:—

- 2  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$ —Biere.
- 20  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$ —Pale Ale.
- 30  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$ —Bass.
- 40  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$ —Stout, etc.

$\text{BE}_2\text{R}$  reacts with most gay spirits, giving the reaction:— $9 \text{ BE}_2\text{R} \times \text{MAN} = 2 (\text{OF}) - (\text{EVER}) \text{yTHING}$ .

(Very unstable.)

If whiskey and rum be added to the above, the  $\text{BE}_2\text{R}$  will not remain in combination with theMAN.

$\text{BE}_2\text{R}$  may be neutralized by  $\text{PUS}_2\text{Y-FO}_2\text{T}$ .

## Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Sets

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Reflex Hammers, \$1.00

*Just two among many such values in  
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—THIRD FLOOR—

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## ROTTENGRAVURE

(Continued from page 9)

T. H. BELT, Chairman of Daffydill, 1927

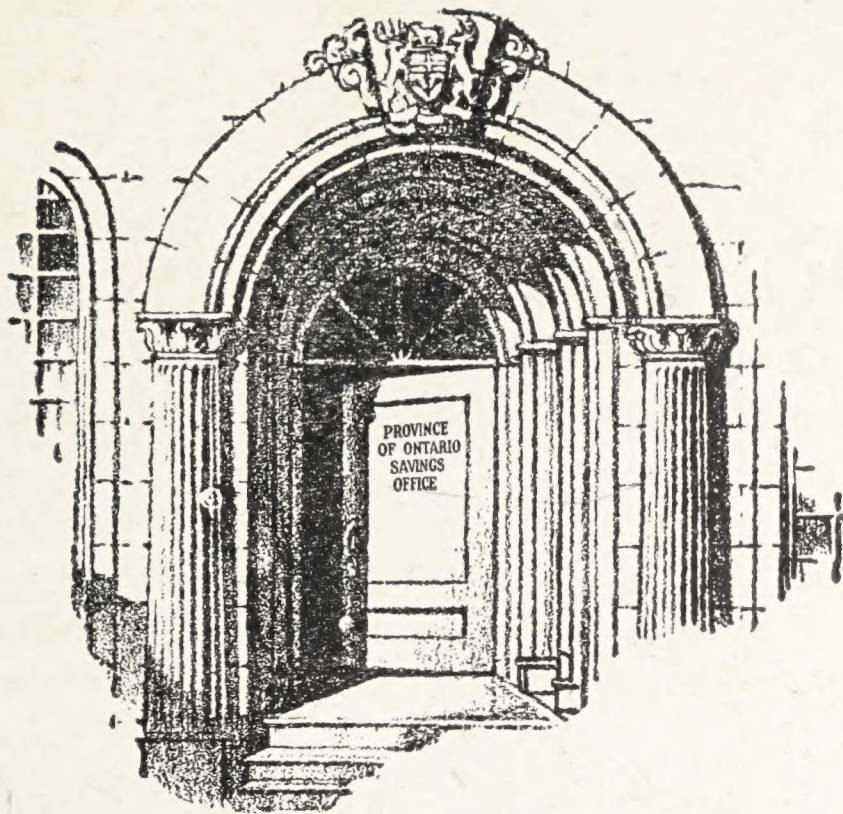
Thomas Henry Belt is well known as one-time president of 2T8, former editor of Epistaxis, and this year's chairman of Daffydil. There may be some difficulty in indentifying him from the above photograph: we must admit that it flatters him slightly. To ensure his indentification we might say that he doesn't look anything like John Gilbert. Belt is the man who poses in front of the curtain to pacify the audience when the stage manager is in difficulties. He wears a dinner jacket whose right shoulder is apt to show traces of powder as an aftermath of preceding romantic episodes.

### YE OLD EDITOR

Fellow-sufferers, gaze upon the dismal countenance of Gargoyle Gray, the editor of this atrocity. With the aid of ergotamine, his history dates back to 1816: that's why he knows so many old jokes. After graduating from the School of Chiropractic, he entered the School of Ignorance, in which he seems content to remain. He is so dumb even his best friends won't tell him. He was given the A.O.A. key this year, and the night of the Med. at Home he was observed trying to open the front door of Theta Kappa Psi House with it. For further reference to his dumbness, consult the rest of this issue.







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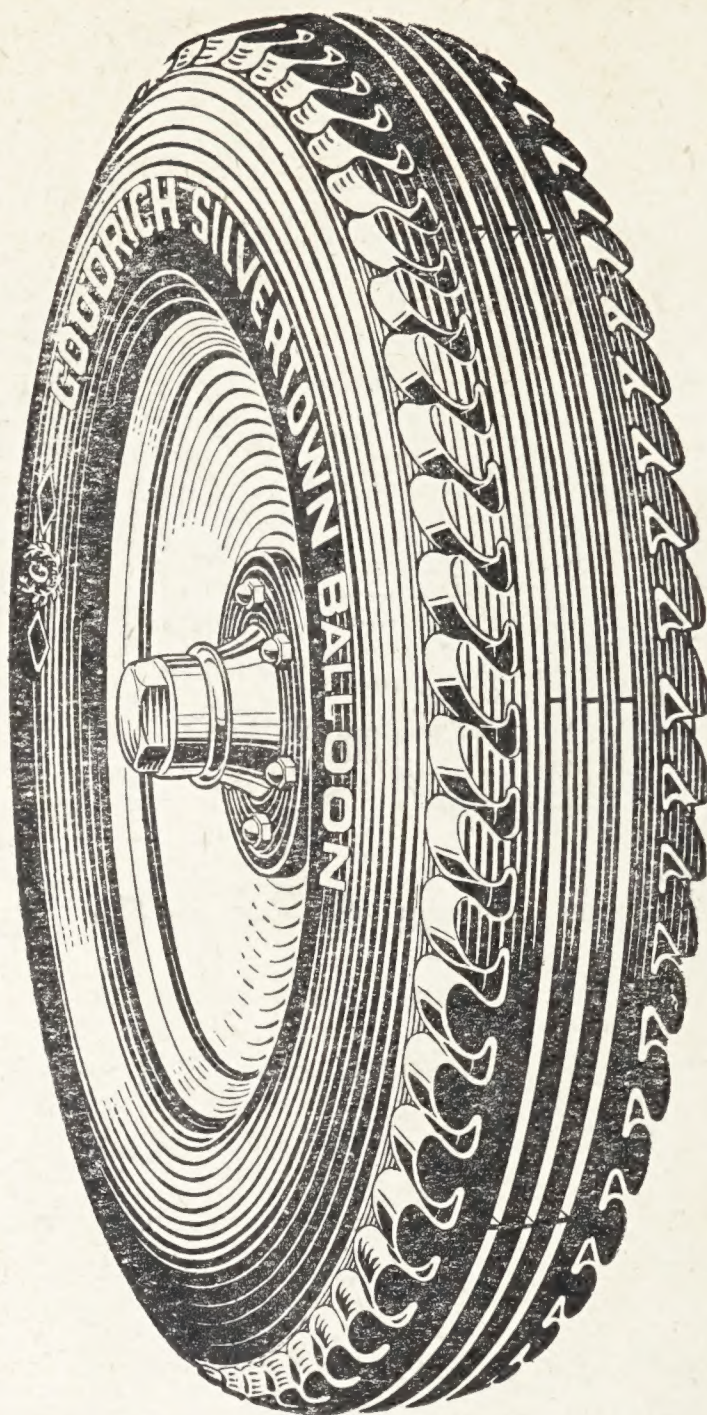
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